

ZERO COLD CAUSES
HAVOC IN HARBOR

Several Barges Are Sunk and
Other Boats Damaged by
Great Ice Pack in
the Hudson.

3 BELOW; 8-YEAR RECORD

Audubon Society Takes Steps to
Feed Starving Birds—Free
Lodging Houses Taxed
to Their Utmost—
Warmer To-day.

BITTER COLD GENERAL
THROUGHOUT COUNTRY.

Place.	Below zero.
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	40
Washington, D. C.	39
Oakland, Md.	38
Rome, N. Y.	36
Proctor, Penn.	35
Corland, N. Y.	33
Titusville, Penn.	32
Glensville, N. Y.	32
Utica, N. Y.	30
Hornell, N. Y.	27
Elmira, N. Y.	26
Greenville, Me.	25
Northfield, Vt.	20
Lancaster, Penn.	15
Albany, N. Y.	13
Elfr, Penn.	13
Winchester, Va.	12
Boston	12
Kansas City	12
Baltimore	4
New York	3
Philadelphia	2
Washington	2
Nome, Alaska	2

At 6:30 a. m. yesterday, when the official mercury got down to 3 degrees below zero, there was recorded in the local Weather Bureau the lowest temperature that this city has had in eight years. It lacked only four degrees of breaking the record minimum temperature of February 11, 1899.

Three degrees below zero, however, was not bad considering the fact that the thermometer dropped to 40 below in the vicinity of Saratoga, 19 below in Milburn, N. J.; 14 below at Albany and 10 below in Boston.

The sub-zero weather area was unusually large, extending from the frozen wastes of Canada to Washington, Charleston, S. C., was not included in the zero gifts of the storm king, but she got the first snowfall that has visited her in seven years.

While the cheerless scientific predictions of the weather man offer no hope for a permanent relief from ultra refrigerator atmosphere, the local forecasters intimated yesterday that perhaps the backbone of the winter's extreme cold had been broken.

Another Drop Expected.

The mercury did not stay long at its post below zero. It rose slowly, as was anticipated, and got up to 5 degrees above at noon. At 3 p. m. it had risen to 10 above. It is expected that there will be another drop this morning.

While there is no doubt that there were genuine low temperatures recorded in various parts of the state yesterday, it is thought that an eighteen-mile blow from the frigid north helped drive the mercury lower than it would ordinarily have gone.

The thermometer at the White Oak Ridge pumping station of the East Orange (N. J.) waterworks showed a minimum record yesterday morning, when the engineer in charge took the reading, of 19 degrees below zero. It is a government standard minimum thermometer, and the low mark was reached probably just before dawn. It is the lowest record since the department established the pumping station and equipped it with meteorological instruments.

Because of the continued cold the various municipal lodging houses were filled with persons desirous of food and lodging. The Mariners' Temple, at Oliver and Henry streets, which through its pastor, the Rev. William N. Hubbell, has been co-operating with other churches in caring for homeless persons, harbored sixty men who were cold and hungry.

Five cases of persons suffering from exposure and frost bite were reported yesterday as having been treated at the various hospitals.

An unusually great ice pack which has been drifting down the North River for several days caused much inconvenience to harbor traffic yesterday. Early in the morning the Savannah liner City of Columbus, which has been berthed in Hoboken for the winter, broke her hawsers under stress of the ice flow and an ebb tide and crashed to the south side of the dock.

A barge which was about to be towed out into the river by the tug Henry Heath was caught by the liner and sunk. The constant pounding of ice also was responsible for the sinking yesterday of the coal barge Bagley off the pier of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad, in the North River. The barge, which was in tow of the tug D. McLean, slipped rapidly when her seams were opened and dropped stern first into the river. Her forward end, to which her tow line was attached, remained a few feet above water.

Boatman Loses Wedding Clothes.

She had three men on board at the time, and all were saved by the tug. The accident brought sorrow to Helge Bjornson, a Swedish bargeman, who had planned to get married last night in Brooklyn. He had in his bunk on the barge a suitcase in which were his wedding clothes, and he nearly lost his life searching for his wedding garments. As soon as he got ashore he telephoned to his fiancée, Rita Yuhala, in Brooklyn, telling her of his misfortune, and she replied in Swedish, "O, over to-night anyhow and I'll marry you, if you wear overalls."

The ice pack made difficult the departure yesterday of the outbound liners. The White Star steamship Oceanic, which steamed for Southampton at noon, had trouble in forcing her stern through the jam. As her screw churned, great flocks were sent out in all directions, some of them pounding hard against the plates.

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For 1912

More than 800 pages of valuable information in this complete and greatly enlarged reference book.
Price 25 cents at all newsstands, 35 cents by mail.

TOUCHES 3 BELOW ZERO HERE.

The temperature changes in this city during the last twenty-four hours were as follows:
11 p. m. (Fri.)... 6 12 m. 5
12 m. (Sat.)... 6 4 p. m. 11
3 a. m. 2 6 p. m. 8
6 a. m. 2 9 p. m. 6
6:30 a. m. 3 10 p. m. 5
9 a. m. 1 11 p. m. 5
The lowest temperature yesterday was 3 degrees below zero, at 6:30 a. m. The highest was 11 degrees, at 4 p. m.

FED BY TUBE FOR 7 MONTHS

Patient Who Amazed Hospital
Surgeons Dies.

Rheinnardt Schneider, of No. 1238 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, who amazed the doctors of the Kings County Hospital by living for seven months wholly on nourishment introduced into his body by means of a rubber tube leading to his stomach, died last night.

He was operated on for a malignant growth in the esophagus and it was impossible for him to swallow any food. By means of a very skillful operation a hole was made just above the stomach and a rubber tube inserted. His case was interesting to the surgeons on account of the length of time he was kept alive by artificial feeding.

BLACKSMITH TO PLEAD CASE

Plans to Take \$5 Suit to Court of
Appeals—Has Spent \$140.

(By Telegraph to The Tribune.)
Albany, Jan. 13.—The learned judges of the Court of Appeals at their next term will probably be treated to the wisdom of a blacksmith, who is one of Speaker "Ed" Merritt's constituents up in St. Lawrence County. Laymen have on a few occasions argued their own cases before the highest court of the state, but never before a blacksmith, John M. Bouck, who shoes horses and repairs his wagons for St. Lawrence County farmers, sued Eli C. Mosher to recover \$5, the price of a farm implement he had made, but which Mosher refused to accept.

The case reached the Appellate Division here about two weeks ago, and the blacksmith, who declares he has no faith in lawyers, not only prepared his own complaint, but argued his own case. The court decided against him, but those who heard the argument said he was "some talker" and knew more about the law than the ordinary shoer of horses.

His opponent was Arthur T. Johnson, a Potsdam lawyer. He had to be in Albany to-day on some legal business, and while here received word from Mr. Bouck, saying:

"You might just as well stay down in Albany now until next Tuesday, as I'm coming to town then to get a permit to carry this case to the Court of Appeals. I need that \$5 just as much as Mosher does."

In court expenses, carfare and the printing of legal papers the blacksmith has already spent about \$140, and will have to spend as much more if he gets his case to the Court of Appeals. But it'll help some if he gets the \$5.

MUST CONTAIN WORD 'OBEY'

Marriage Service in England Il-
legal Without It, Chaplain Says.

London, Jan. 13.—The omission of the word "obey" from a marriage service celebrated in church is illegal and invalidates the ceremony, according to a sensational announcement made by the Rev. Hugh Chapman, chaplain of the Chapel Royal, at the Savoy this afternoon.

Before the altar stood Miss Una Dugdale, daughter of Commander Dugdale and niece of Viscount Peel, with Victor D. Duval, waiting to be married. Both are prominent supporters of the militant suffragists, and they had decided that the word "obey" should be omitted from the marriage service and had communicated their decision to the chaplain.

Just before the time appointed for the ceremony the Rev. Hugh Chapman sought legal advice and obtained a ruling which is likely to invalidate many marriages. Miss Dugdale and Mr. Duval, after the announcement by the chaplain, decided to waive their objections, and the marriage ceremony proceeded.

The chaplain himself disapproves of the compulsory use of the word, and prior to the service expressed the hope that there would soon be an amended form of marriage service, "rendering it possible for Christian people to receive the blessings of the Church without hurt to their susceptibilities."

HIS SPINAL CORD SPLICED
Rare Operation Is Successfully
Performed on Youth.

Two physicians in St. Joseph's Hospital, Far Rockaway, successfully performed a rare and dangerous surgical operation to save a man's life. The patient, James Renzula, had his spinal cord severed and two of his vertebrae shattered by a bullet.

REJECTED SUITOR KILLS
WOMAN AND HIMSELF

Widow, with Three Children,
Shot to Death in Her
Rooming House.

WAS HOUNDED, SAY POLICE

Clerk, Just Freed from Prison
for Beating Her, Calls to
Renew Suit While
Intoxicated.

Enraged because the woman he sought would not marry him, John B. Edwards, a clerk, yesterday evening shot and killed Mrs. Minnie E. Kuster, a widow, in her furnished room house, at No. 164 West 122d street. He then put a bullet into his brain and fell to the floor, where he was found by Mrs. Kuster's daughter May, twelve years old. Death was almost instantaneous in both cases.

Mrs. Kuster had been living in the house in West 122d street for about two months. Previous to that she had kept a furnished rooming house at No. 234 West 22d street, and it was while there that Edwards had been a boarder in her house. About three months ago Edwards was arrested on a charge of beating May Kuster and her mother. He was tried in Special Sessions and sentenced to sixty days on Blackwell's Island. After the man had gone to the island Mrs. Kuster moved to Harlem, and had not been bothered by her unwelcome suitor until yesterday. It is supposed that Edwards had been tracing Mrs. Kuster since his release, a few days ago, and had found her yesterday.

Edwards Drunk, It Is Said.

According to George B. Tutwiler, of Mobile, Ala., a boarder in the house, Edwards rang the door bell a few minutes after 5 o'clock last evening and was admitted by a maid. He asked for Mrs. Kuster, and awaited her arrival in the drawing room, on the first floor. It is said he was strongly under the influence of liquor and was in a belligerent mood.

When Mrs. Kuster walked into the room Edwards greeted her, and then the two began to talk. The conversation was mostly in a low tone of voice, although the voice of Edwards could frequently be heard raised in protest. On such occasions Mrs. Kuster tried to calm him, but without much success.

Directly in the rear of the parlor and shut off from it by two folding doors, is another room. In which Miss Amelia Foley lived. She is convalescent, following an operation for appendicitis a few days ago, and was lying in her bed at the time Edwards was talking with the widow.

Miss Foley said she heard the man and the woman talking in undertones, but could not distinguish what they were saying. Following a lull in the conversation, there was a muffled scream from Mrs. Kuster, and Edwards' voice took on a menacing tone. This was immediately followed by the report of a revolver, and then a second, perhaps three seconds later.

Miss Foley screamed and tried to rise from her bed. At the same time the three children of Mrs. Kuster, May, Charlotte and Viola, all under twelve years old, rushed from the dining room in the basement, where they had been sitting with Miss Amelia Foley, a stenographer, and Tutwiler, and ran to the parlor. May Kuster was the first to reach the door, and found her mother sitting half erect on a sofa, with a wound in her neck. Edwards lay stretched at her feet, his head toward the door, with a bullet wound in his head. Neither stirred, and it was evident they were dead.

Detective Hurries to Scene.

The child screamed, and Tutwiler ran to a telephone and called up Police Headquarters. Then he went back to the room and tried to assist Mrs. Kuster. While he was thus engaged Detective Flynn, of the West 125th street station, arrived at the house and made an investigation. He then called Coroner Winterbottom and Dr. Michael C. O'Brien, of No. 161 West 122d street, who pronounced the man and woman dead.

In one of Edwards' pockets Coroner Winterbottom found a letter addressed to the dead man at No. 342 West 29th street. An address in the corner of the envelope had the words "Henry Clay Lodge, No. 277, F. & A. M., No. 209 West 199th street." On the back of the envelope Edwards had written the words, "Notify ledge," and the figures "1-13-12," these being abbreviated figures for the day, month and year. In another pocket were found half a dozen cartridges.

Later Charles Lane, a lawyer, of No. 239 Broadway, came down from his home at No. 815 East 167th street, The Bronx, and made a statement. He said that Edwards had been arrested three weeks ago as the result of a complaint made by a neighbor of Mrs. Kuster when she was living in West 22d street, who had seen him beating May Kuster and abusing her mother.

According to Lane, Edwards was often intoxicated while boarding in Mrs. Kuster's 22d street house, and had been frequently put out of the place, but always returned. Lane said that Edwards had a wife and two children in the West Indies.

Mrs. Kuster's husband, Otto, died two years ago. He was a druggist, with a store on Seventh avenue, and after his death his wife supported the family by conducting a boarding house.

It was recalled last night that in the summer of 1910 a negro butler and an aged woman housekeeper in the home of Dr. Mott D. Cannon, No. 131 West 122d street, were found murdered in the basement of the place. This is almost opposite the scene of last evening's crime.

BONE IN THROAT KILLS CHILD.

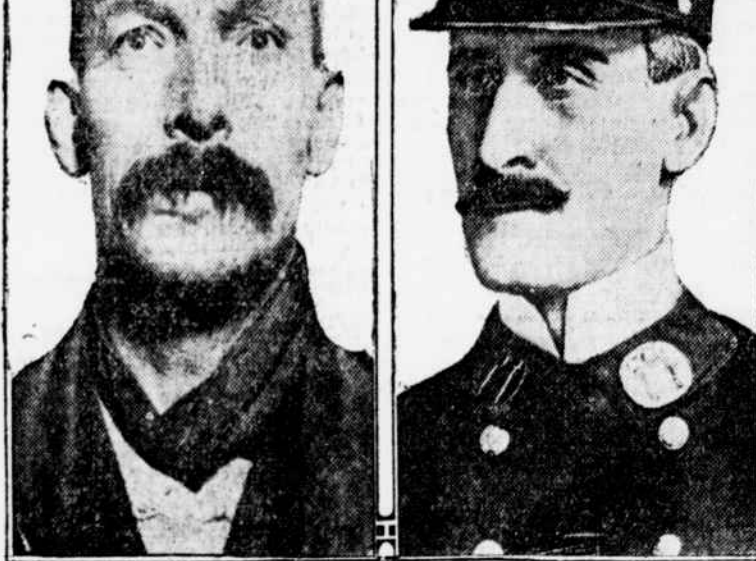
(By Telegraph to The Tribune.)
Lenox, Mass., Jan. 12.—Robert Bacon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lovell, of Milton, Mass., and a grandson of Mrs. William B. Bacon, of Lenox, who is in Paris, choked to death at his father's home in Milton this afternoon. The child got a bone in his throat and died before medical aid reached him.

DEWEY'S PURE CLARET WINES

A great aid to digestion, with meals.
H. T. Dewey & Sons Co., 128 Fulton St., N. Y.

WHERE CHIEF WALSH'S BODY WAS FOUND.

It was dug out from under the mass of wreckage on the third floor of the Equitable Building.



JAMES L. FOGARTY.
Who says the position of Walsh's body was revealed to him in a dream.

BATTALION CHIEF WILLIAM J. WALSH.
Who perished in the fire last Tuesday.

KILLS FATHER OF MAN
WHO ELOPED WITH WIFE

J. B. Snead, Texas Rancher,
Shoots A. G. Boyce, Sr., in
Fort Worth Hotel.

ABDUCTION CHARGE FAILED

Tragedy Follows Flight of Woman
from Sanatorium, Despite
Reconciliation with
Husband.

Fort Worth, Tex., Jan. 13.—A. G. Boyce, father of the man who was recently arrested in Winnipeg, Man., charged with abducting Mrs. J. B. Snead from a hospital in Fort Worth, to-night was shot and killed by J. B. Snead, a banker, of Amarillo, Tex., husband of the woman with whom young Boyce is said to have eloped.

Boyce, who was seventy years old, was sitting in the lobby of a local hotel when Snead walked in. According to witnesses, Snead walked up to the elder man. "The old man turned and looked at Snead and then asked him, by-standers say:

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"
Snead muttered something in reply, and then, drawing his revolver, fired two shots quickly. He hesitated an instant as the older man fell forward and then fired three shots into Boyce's side. Boyce was dying when others in the lobby, which was filled at the time of the tragedy, reached him.

Snead immediately left the hotel, but was arrested a short time afterward as he was returning to the place of the shooting. He refused to make a statement until to-night.

On his deathbed, Boyce made a statement declaring that he saw Snead once before to-day in the lobby of the hotel, and avoided him.

The younger Boyce was arrested several weeks ago in Winnipeg. Mrs. Snead, who disappeared from a Fort Worth sanatorium, was with him and was also detained. Mr. and Mrs. Snead were reconciled some days ago and returned to Texas.

After the departure of Snead and his wife from Winnipeg, Boyce was released and to-day the local indictment charging the young man with abduction was ordered dismissed by County Attorney Baskin, because of insufficiency of evidence.

Boyce is still in Canada, it is said.

John B. Snead, of Amarillo, Tex., is said to be one of the richest ranch owners in that state. His wife, Mrs. Lena Snead, about four months ago, developed a slight mental disorder, and her husband had her placed in the Arlington Sanatorium, at Fort Worth.

It was whispered at the time Mr. Snead had suspected undue friendship between his wife and Albert G. Boyce, Jr., and that his chief reason for placing her in the institution was to keep her away from Boyce. On the afternoon of November 3 of last year Mrs. Snead left the sanatorium with one of her nurses, on the plea that she wished to do some shopping. She eluded her attendant and disappeared. Mr. Snead at once sent out an alarm and offered \$500 reward for information as to her whereabouts.

That same day, it is said, A. G. Boyce, Jr., suddenly left Fort Worth after drawing \$70,000 from the bank. It was believed that he had arranged with Mrs. Snead for her disappearance from the sanatorium and that the couple had fled together.

They were traced to St. Louis, where for a long time all trace of them was lost. Indications were, however, that they had come to New York, and the police of that city were on the lookout for them for several weeks. It was feared at one time that they had sailed for South America. Recently a clerk led to Canada, and they were found in Winnipeg. Mrs. Snead returned to Texas with her husband. Boyce was arrested and indicted for abduction.

A. G. Boyce, sr., had the reputation of owning one of the largest ranches in the world.

BODY OF SCALDED
PARALYTIC EXHUMED

Autopsy Shows Tribune's Original
Story of Farm Colony In-
mate's Death Was Correct.

SECOND ARREST IN CASE

Prisoner Says Two Other At-
tendants Tumbled Victim Into
Tub of Boiling Water, and
Others Will Bear Him Out.

The body of Harry Williams, the aged inmate of the New York City Farm Colony at Castleton Corners, Staten Island, who was scalded to death at the institution's hospital on Tuesday morning, was exhumed by order of District Attorney Albert C. Fach, of Richmond County, yesterday evening.

Dr. S. P. Thomas, one of the surgeons of the S. R. Smith Infirmary, on Staten Island, was retained by District Attorney Fach to perform the autopsy. The autopsy of Dr. Thomas showed conclusively that the man died as the result of his burns, as told in The Tribune on Friday morning, when the facts were made known for the first time.

A second arrest in the case was made yesterday, and last night Adolph Rahm, alias Harry Sinclair, an ex-convict, was locked up, charged by District Attorney Fach with homicide. A third arrest will be made to-day.

Rahm, or Sinclair, as he calls himself, admitted having often slapped the paralytic Williams and other patients at the colony in the face, and said he frequently saw Carlton, who is now held without bail, charged with manslaughter, strike the dead man with his clenched fist. Carlton, he told District Attorney Fach, is also an ex-convict.

"The evidence in the case," said the District Attorney, "proves to my mind that Williams died as the result of this scalding hot bath, and that the assault upon Williams, which resulted in his death, was premeditated and malicious."

The immediate cause of the death of Williams, as revealed by the autopsy, was a hemorrhage of the brain. He was suffering from a hardening of the arteries, and when he was thrown into the boiling hot water the two men, who, it is alleged, made threats to "fix him," the first shock caused a rush of blood to the head that broke an artery in the brain, resulting in death.

Coroner's Physician Changes Mind.

Dr. George W. Mord, the coroner's physician of Staten Island, who granted a burial certificate without causing any police investigation, yesterday admitted in District Attorney Fach's office that he did not examine all of Williams' body when he was called to the colony by Joseph D. Flick, the superintendent, on Tuesday. He said he merely glanced at the body and contented himself largely with the statement of Howard "Crisp" Flick, the head nurse, who, after showing him one burned spot on the body, said, according to Dr. Mord, "The rest is like this."

Dr. Mord went out to the windswept, wooded hilltop at Castleton Corners, where the body was buried, and in the same building where Williams met his death assisted Dr. Thomas in making the autopsy. He now admits Williams was burned so badly that had he been in full health he might have died from the burns.

He went to the District Attorney's office after the autopsy, while Mr. Fach was questioning Harry Sinclair, and interrupted the District Attorney several times to ask questions, trying to shake Sinclair's story.

"There's no need of your talking," said the District Attorney, losing patience with the coroner's physician. "I can do all that. There's been enough of that."

Sinclair, who is thirty years old, surrendered at the Elizabeth street station in this city yesterday afternoon, after reading in a newspaper that he was wanted. He was taken to Staten Island by Detectives James W. McKittrick, George H. Meyers and Lieutenant John P. Smith.

After telling Mr. Fach that he had served five years in Elmira for blackmail and ninety days in an upstate penitentiary for riding on a freight train, he accused Carlton and another inmate, James Kelly, of having deliberately thrown Williams into a tub of scalding water.

DREAM LEADS TO
BODY OF CHIEF

Wrecker Tunnels to Point Where
William J. Walsh Went Down
in Equitable Build-
ing Ruins.

FIREMEN THEN FINISH JOB

Dead Man's Comrades Carry Him
from Place Where He Fought
Bravely Until the End—
Contributions to Re-
lief Funds Grow.

James Lawrence Fogarty, of No. 524 West 53d street, who labors early and late for the Canavan Wrecking Company with his two hands, dreamed on Friday night that he had come across the body of Battalion Chief William J. Walsh in the Equitable ruins. Mr. Fogarty's six feet of tired muscles and excellent powers of digestion don't permit him to dream often, so this particular dream was the more impressive and vivid. In it he discovered the chief's body buried in a part of the huge pile of wreckage resting on the third floor, a part which he and his fellow wreckers had had orders to leave undisturbed as not only an unpromising but a dangerous place to dig.

Perhaps it was the gloom of that bitter cold, chaotic interior where Fogarty had been toiling for three days that affected his nerves and induced such a vivid dream. At any rate, he could not shake the impression of it from his thoughts, and as he entered the cavernous morgue yesterday morning to begin another day's delving he determined to use his axe and crowbar in the spot indicated by his dream, boss or no boss.

The rest of the morning shift of wreckers attacked the top of the pyramid of wreckage, most of which rested on the third floor in the region of the main staircase, just to the rear of the building's centre, but some of which had overflowed to the basement in the open court. It was the strain from this pile which Inspector Charles Judge, of the Bureau of Buildings, had feared might cause an interior collapse and bury the 120 wreckers working under him. Though it was supposed that Chief Walsh's body lay at the base of the pile on the third floor, Mr. Judge ordered his men to work from the top down, to avoid any jar from the settling of the debris which might result should they begin at the bottom.

But Fogarty took a chance. When the foreman wasn't looking he dodged round the corner a bit from the staircase and got to work toward the rear of the tangled mass at least a story below the top. It was at this spot that his dream told him the chief lay buried, and he began clearing away the loose stuff first.

Foreman Unable to Swerve Him.

It wasn't long before the foreman discovered him burrowing there like an industrious miner and roughly ordered him to the top of the pile. He obeyed, and made a trip or two to the windows with baskets of wreckage from that point. But on returning he slipped unnoticed again to that spot on the third floor where he had already made an impression. Again the foreman spied him there and cursed him out, but he didn't budge. The foreman shied a piece of brick at his head, and still the magnetism of his particular task held him to it. He knew he was getting "warm," for the details of his search fitted in with those of his dream so well.

And then, as the foreman started for him, the big wrecker swung his axe, cut through a wooden obstruction and sank the blade into the arm of a gray rubber coat. A moment, and he had brushed the debris from the entire arm, Walsh's left arm, which was extended out straight from his crouching body.

Fogarty yelled the news of his find; worked stopped, and inspectors, foremen and workers crowded to the spot. But though the body had been discovered, the difficulty of extricating it from under its burden of iron beams, stone blocks and tons of rubbish remained as great as ever.

Mr. Judge quickly decided that to pick all this wreckage off first would take too long. He must take a chance at tunneling, particularly as his men had shored up the weakened floors to such an extent that the danger from an interior collapse had practically been removed. So he had them bring planks and timber the hole as they proceeded, much as miners tunnel a horizontal shaft sunk into the side of a mountain. It took them from 12:30 o'clock, when Fogarty dug his axe into a loose fold of the rubber clad arm, until 4:45 o'clock to do the trick.

Chief Walsh was last seen on Tuesday morning, when the fire was hottest, on the fourth floor near the stairway. Then came the crash of the roof and the five top floors of the eight-story building, which carried the stairways with it. It is supposed that when the chief and his men received the warning to get out Walsh allowed his fighters to precede him down the stairs, and was caught in the collapse just as he started from the fourth to the third floor on his way out.

Nearly All Bones Broken.

A steel "T" beam struck him on the back of the neck and crushed him to earth on his right side, with his left arm extended and his right pinned under him. Another steel beam had landed diagonally across his back, breaking nearly all the bones in his body which the other had failed to smash. And then there had descended twenty perpendicular feet of wreckage, weighing tons and tons, which jammed his helmet down over his eyes. His face didn't bear even a scratch.

The finding of the body was reported immediately to Police Inspector Cahillane, who called Mrs. Walsh up at her home, No. 1170 42d street, Brooklyn, on the telephone. Then he informed Captain Frederick Mitchell, U. S. A., brother-in-law of the dead fireman, who represented the family at the scene. Deputy Chief Binns was immediately

Continued on second page.